Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/fasterinpoetry0000vari

EASTER IN POETRY

POEMS CHOSEN BY A
COMMITTEE OF THE
CARNEGIE LIBRARY
SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

HOLBROOK LIBRARY
PACIFIC SCHOOL
OF RELIGION

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION
LIBRARY
1962

Religious Education
EXHIBIT
Pacific School of Religion

NEW YORK
THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY
1926

40269

PN
6110
E2
E2
1926

QG86.7
C215

Published March, 1926
Printed in the United States of America

PREFACE

As thoughts of Easter are associated with the idea of rebirth, not only poems giving the idea of God as the giver of life eternal, but nature poems bringing out the idea of the awakening of the earth to new life, are included in this volume. It seemed fitting that poems emphasizing the thought of God in creation should also find a place here. The poems are within a child's comprehension.

As in the other booklets of this series, the poems are printed on one side of the page only so that they may be mounted and used separately if desired.

The proceeds derived from the publication of these booklets are used to increase the Student Loan Fund of the Association.

MILDRED P. HARRINGTON

Chairman of the Poetry Committee

Carnegie Library School Association

CONTENTS

Afraid? 1
Emily Dickinson
All Things Bright and Beautiful 2
Cecil Frances Alexander
April and May 3
Ralph Waldo Emerson
At Easter Time 4
Laura E. Richards
The Awakening 5
Angela Morgan
Buttercups and Daisies 6
Mary Howitt
Easter 8
Mary Carolyn Davies
Easter 9
George Herbert
Easter 10
John G. Neihardt
Easter 11
Edwin L. Sabin
An Easter Canticle 12
Charles Hanson Towne
Easter Carol 13
George Newell Lovejoy
An Easter Carol 14
Christina G. Rossetti
Easter Hymn 15
Richard Le Gallienne
Easter Hymn 17
Charles Wesley
Easter Morning 18
Edmund Spencer
Easter Night 19
Alice Meynell
Easter Song 20
Mary A. Lathbury
Easter Week 21
Charles Kingsley
The Elixir 22
George Herbert
Faith 23
John Richard Moreland
Glory of God in Creation 24
Thomas Moore
God Who Hath Made the Daisies 25
E. P. Hood
Holy, Holy, Holy 26
Reginald Heber
Hymn to the Creation 27
Joseph Addison
Joy, Shipmate, Joy! 28
Walt Whitman

CONTENTS—*Continued*

The Last Violet 29
Oliver Herford
The Lent Lily 31
A. E. Housman
Loveliest of Trees 32
A. E. Housman
The Majesty and Mercy of God 33
Sir Robert Grant
May Is Building Her House 34
Richard Le Gallienne
The Miracle 35
L. H. Bailey
Nature's Creed 36
Anon.
Nature's Easter Music 37
Lucy Larcom
On a Gloomy Easter 39
Alice Freeman Palmer
Pippa's Song 40
Robert Browning
Providence 41
Reginald Heber
Psalm XXIII 42
The Bible
Psalm CIV—Selected 43
The Bible
Softly Through the Mellow Starlight 44
Anon.
The Song of the Lilies 45
Lucy Wheelock
A Song of Waking 46
Katherine Lee Bates
Talking in Their Sleep 48
Edith M. Thomas
A True Lent 49
Robert Herrick
'Twas at the Matin Hour 50
Fourteenth Century Carol
Under the Leaves 51
Albert Laighton
The Waking Year 52
Emily Dickinson
Ye Heavens, Uplift Your Voice 53
Fifteenth Century Carol
An Additional List of Poems with Sources 54

AFRAID?

Afraid? Of whom am I afraid?
Not death; for who is he?
The porter of my father's lodge
As much abasheth me.

Of life? 'Twere odd I fear a thing
That comprehendeth me
In one or more existences
At Deity's decree.

Of resurrection? Is the east
Afraid to trust the morn
With her fastidious forehead?
As soon impeach my crown!

Emily Dickinson.

Copyright, Little, Brown and Company.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;—

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;—

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

APRIL AND MAY

April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again,
The whistle of returning birds,
And the trumpet-lowing of the herds.
The scarlet maple-keys betray
What potent blood hath modest May,
What fiery force the earth renews,
The wealth of forms, the flush of hues;
What joy in rosy waves outpoured
Flows from the heart of Love, the Lord.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Included by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

AT EASTER TIME

The little flowers came through the ground,
At Easter time, at Easter time;
They raised their heads and looked around,
At happy Easter time.
And every pretty bud did say,
"Good people, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say
At happy Easter time!"

The pure white lily raised its cup
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looked up
At happy Easter time.
"We'll hear the song of Heaven!" they say,
"Its glory shines on us today.
Oh! may it shine on us always
At holy Easter time!"

'Twas long and long and long ago,
That Easter time, that Easter time;
But still the pure white lilies blow
At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say
At blessed Easter time!"

Laura E. Richards.

Included by permission of the author.

THE AWAKENING

You little, eager, peeping thing—
You embryonic point of light
Pushing from out your winter night,
How you do make my pulses sing!
A tiny eye amid the gloom—
The merest speck I scarce had seen—
So doth God's rapture rend the tomb
In this wee burst of April green!

And lo, 'tis here!—and lo, 'tis there!—
Spurting its jets of sweet desire
In upward curling threads of fire
Like tapers kindling all the air.
Why, scarce it seems an hour ago
These branches clashed in bitter cold;
What Power hath set their veins aglow?
O soul of mine, be bold, be bold!
If from this tree, this blackened thing,
Hard as the floor my feet have prest,
This flame of joy comes clamoring
In hues as red as robin's breast
Waking to life this little twig—
O faith of mine, be big! be big!

Angela Morgan.

Included by permission of the author.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

Buttercups and daisies,
    Oh, the pretty flowers!
Coming, ere the spring-time,
    To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
    While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
    Spring up everywhere.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,
    Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
    Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
    Buttercups are bright,
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
    Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
    Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
    By their mother's door,
Purple with the north wind,
    Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
    Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?
    What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and daisies
    Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship
    And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength
    And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups!
Welcome, daisies white!
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight!
Coming ere the spring-time,
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

Mary Howitt.

EASTER

Sky where the white clouds stand in prayer,
    Luminous, lucent Easter sky!
Easter fields with their vivid flare
    Of wind-tossed blossoms that die
Only to blossom again some day!
Make us remember we're that way,
Brave little blossoms, sweet and gay!
Make us remember we shall, too,
Know, as you know the sun and dew
Over again—know all the sweet
Of being alive again, and meet
As you meet the friendly blossoms near,
Those who to us were near and dear.

Sky, with your Easter white and blue,
    Teach us, like you, to pray!
Blossoms of Easter, make us, too,
    As brave as you and as gay!

Mary Carolyn Davies.

EASTER

Once more the Ancient Wonder
    Brings back the goose and crane
Prophetic Sons of Thunder,
    Apostles of the Rain.

In many a battling river
    The broken gorges boom.
Behold the Mighty Giver
    Emerges from the Tomb!

Now robins chant the story
    Of how the wintery sward
Is litten with the glory
    Of the Angel of the Lord.

His countenance is lightening,
    And still his robe is snow,
As when the dawn was brightening
    Two thousand years ago.

O who can be a stranger
    To what has come to pass?
The Pity of the Manger
    Is mighty in the grass!

Undaunted by Decembers,
    The sap is faithful yet,
The giving Earth remembers
    And only men forget!

John G. Neihardt.

Included by permission of the author.

EASTER

The barrier stone has rolled away,
And loud the angels sing;
The Christ comes forth this blessed day
To reign, a deathless king.
For shall we not believe He lives
Through such awakening?
Behold, how God each April gives
The miracle of Spring.

Edwin L. Sabin.

Included by permission of the author.

AN EASTER CANTICLE

In every trembling bud and bloom
That cleaves the earth, a flowery sword,
I see Thee come from out the tomb,
Thou risen Lord.

In every April wind that sings
Down lanes that make the heart rejoice
Yea, in the word the wood-thrush brings,
I hear Thy voice.

Lo! every tulip is a cup
To hold Thy morning's brimming wine
Drink, O my soul, the wonder up—
Is it not Thine?

The great Lord God, invisible,
Hath roused to rapture the green grass;
Through sunlit mead and dew-drenched dell,—
I see Him pass.

His old immortal glory wakes
The rushing streams and emerald hills;
His ancient trumpet softly shakes
The daffodils.

Thou art not dead! Thou art the whole
Of life that quickens in the sod;
Green April is Thy very soul,
Thou great Lord God.

Charles Hanson Towne.

Included by permission of the author.

EASTER CAROL

O Earth! throughout thy borders
    Re-don thy fairest dress;
And everywhere, O Nature!
    Throb with new happiness;
Once more to new creation
    Awake, and death gainsay,
For death is swallowed up of life,
    And Christ is risen to-day!

Let peals of jubilation
    Ring out in all the lands;
With hearts of deep elation
    Let sea with sea clasp hands;
Let one supreme Te Deum
    Roll round the World's highway,
For death is swallowed up of life,
    And Christ is risen to-day!

George Newell Lovejoy.

From The Chautauquan, April 1902.
Included by permission of the Chautauqua Press.

AN EASTER CAROL

Spring bursts to-day,
For Christ is risen and all the earth's at play.

Flash forth, thou Sun,
The rain is over and gone, its work is done.
Winter is past,
Sweet Spring is come at last, is come at last.
Bud, Fig and Vine,
Bud, Olive, fat with fruit and oil and wine.
Break forth this morn
In roses, thou but yesterday a Thorn.
Uplift thy head,
O pure white Lily through the Winter dead.
Beside your dams
Leap and rejoice, you merry-making Lambs.
All Herds and Flocks
Rejoice, all Beasts of thickets and of rocks.
Sing, Creatures, sing,
Angels and Men and Birds and everything.
All notes of Doves
Fill all our world: this is the time of loves.

Christina G. Rossetti.

From "Poems" by Christina Rossetti.
Included by permission of The Macmillan Company.

AN EASTER HYMN

Spake the Lord Christ—"I will arise:"
    It seemed a saying void and vain—
    How shall a dead man rise again?—
Vain as our tears, vain as our cries;
    Not one of all the little band
    That loved Him this might understand.

"I will arise," Lord Jesus said—
    Hearken, amid the morning dew,
    Mary, a voice that calleth you!
Then Mary turned her golden head,
    And lo! there shining at her side
    Her Master they had crucified.

At dawn, to his dim sepulchre,
    Mary, remembering that far day,
    When at his feet the spikenard lay,
Came, bringing balm and spice and myrrh;
    To her the grave had made reply:
    "He is not here—He cannot die."

Praetor and priest in vain conspire,
    Jerusalem and Rome in vain
    Torture the god with mortal pain,
To quench that seed of living fire;
    But light that had in heaven its birth
    Can never be put out on earth.

"I will arise"—across the years,
    Even as to Mary that grey morn,
    To us that gentle voice is born:
"I will arise."—He that hath ears
    O ponder well this mystic word;
    Let not the Master speak unheard.

No soul descended deep in hell,
The child of sorrow, sin and death,
The Immortal Spirit suffereth
To see corruption; though it fell
From loftiest station in the skies,
It still to heaven again must arise.

No dream of faith, no seed of love,
No lonely action nobly done,
But is as stable as the sun,
And fed and watered from above;
From nether base to starry cope
Nature's two laws are Faith and Hope.

Safe in the care of heavenly powers,
The good we dreamed but might not do,
Lost beauty, magically new,
Shall spring as surely as the flowers,
When, mid the sobbing of the rain,
The heart of April beats again.

Celestial spirit that doth roll
The heart's sepulchral stone away,
Be this our resurrection day,
The singing Easter of the soul—
O gentle Master of the Wise,
Teach us to say: "I will arise."

Richard Le Gallienne.

Published by permission of the author and The Woman's Home Companion.

EASTER HYMN

Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!

Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Charles Wesley.

EASTER MORNING

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win;
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom thou didst die,
Being with Thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
May live forever in felicity:
And that Thy love we weighing worthily
May likewise love Thee for the same again:
And for Thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

Edmund Spenser.

EASTER NIGHT

All night had shout of men and cry
    Of woeful women filled His way;
Until that noon of sombre sky
    On Friday, clamour and display
Smote Him; no solitude had He,
No silence, since Gethsemane.

Public was Death; but Power, but Might,
    But Life again, but Victory,
Were hushed within the dead of night,
    The shutter'd dark, the secrecy.
And all alone, alone, alone
He rose again behind the stone.

Alice Meynell.

Included by permission of Wilfrid Meynell.

EASTER SONG

Snowdrops, lift your timid heads,
    All the earth is waking,
Field and forest, brown and dead,
    Into life are waking;
Snowdrops, rise and tell the story
    How He rose, the Lord of glory.

Lilies! lilies! Easter calls,
    Rise to meet the dawning
Of the blessed light that falls
    Thro' the Easter morning;
Ring your bells and tell the story,
    How He rose, the Lord of glory.

Waken, sleeping butterflies,
    Burst your narrow prison;
Spread your golden wings and rise,
    For the Lord is risen;
Spread you wings and tell the story,
How He rose, the Lord of glory.

Mary A. Lathbury.

EASTER WEEK

See the land, her Easter keeping,
    Rises as her Maker rose.
Seeds, so long in darkness sleeping,
    Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices,
    Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,
    While the wild birds build and sing.

You to whom your Maker granted
    Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted;
    Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
    Each his Easter tribute bring—
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
    Like the birds who build and sing.

Charles Kingsley.

THE ELIXIR

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, for Thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

George Herbert.

FAITH

In every leaf that crowns the plain,
In every violet 'neath the hill,
In every yellow daffodil. . . .
I see the risen Lord again!

In each arbutus flower I see
A faith that lived through frost and snow,
And in the birds that northward go,
A guiding hand's revealed to me.

Lo! winter from some dark abyss
Came forth to kill all growing things:
'Twas vain, spring rose on emerald wings,
Mothlike from her dead chrysalis.

Each germ within the tiny seed
Throws off the husk that to it clings,
And towards the sun it upward brings
New life to blossom to its need.

Ye hearts that mourn rise up and sing!
Death has no power to hold his prey,
The grave is only where we lay
The soul, for its eternal spring! . . .

In every leaf that crowns the plain,
In every violet 'neath the hill,
In every yellow daffodil. . . .
I see the risen Lord again!

John Richard Moreland.

Included by permission of the author.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN CREATION

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

Thomas Moore.

GOD, WHO HATH MADE THE DAISIES

God, who hath made the daisies
And ev'ry lovely thing,
He will accept our praises,
And hearken while we sing.
He says though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old.
And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky;
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven high;
But sees the hearts' low breathings,
And says (well pleased to see),
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

Therefore we will come near Him,
And solemnly we'll sing;
No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

E. P. Hood.

From "Golden Staircase" by Chisholm.
Included by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our songs shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, in purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

Reginald Heber.

HYMN TO THE CREATION

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heaven, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim;
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the news from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison.

JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleased to my soul at death I cry)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy!

Walt Whitman.

Included by permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE LAST VIOLET

The gray old Owl could scarce believe his eyes,
The Squirrel dropped a chestnut in surprise,
The Raven croaked, the Bullfrog stared outright,
The Bunny blinked to see so strange a sight.

A Violet, loveliest of Flowerkind,
Shivering and shaking in the autumn wind.
Her head was bowed; faintly they heard her cry,
"Oh, why has Summer left me here to die?"

"You happy birds! The Dear God gave you wings
To follow Summer in her wanderings,
While I who came too late to see her face
Shall soon be turned to dust and leave no trace!

"And yet deep in my root this thought I keep,
That Winter may be nothing but a Sleep.
If it be true God marks a petal's fall,
How can it be that winter ends it all?

"The Caterpillar told me a strange thing,
How that he dreamed about a Future Spring
When 'neath a sapphire sky, through scented bowers
He'll flutter on bright wings mid rainbow flowers."

The Raven cawed, "Oh, Violet, if I
Were you I wouldn't tell the Butterfly.
I really think the blow would almost kill her,
To be descended from a Caterpillar!"

The Squirrel flicked his tail and arched his back;
Here was a nut too hard for him to crack.
"Good-by, my dear, if I don't stir about,
I shan't have nuts to last the winter out."

The Gray Owl shook his head. "I know more things,
My dear, than any bird that flies on wings,
But there are wonders in the sea and land
Even the wisest Owl can't understand."

A silence fell. 'Twas broken by the Frog:
"I am descended from a Polliwog,
About the lowest thing in Nature's scale,
An armless, legless creature *with a tail!*

"Yet who in beauty with a Frog can vie?
And Beauty, we are told, can never die.
You, too, have Beauty, so sleep well, my dear,
And happy dreams, we'll meet again next year!"

Oliver Herford

Included by permission of the author and the Curtis Publishing Company.

THE LENT LILY

'Tis spring; come out to ramble
The hilly brakes around,
For under thorn and bramble
About the hollow ground
The primroses are found.

And there's the windflower chilly
With all the winds at play,
And there's the Lenten lily
That has not long to stay
And dies on Easter day.

And since till girls go maying
You find the primrose still,
And find the windflower playing
With every wind at will,
But not the daffodil.

Bring baskets now, and sally
Upon the spring's array,
And bear from hill and valley
The daffodil away
That dies on Easter day.

A. E. Housman.

Included by permission of the author.

LOVELIEST OF TREES

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

A. E. Housman.

Included by permission of the author.

THE MAJESTY AND MERCY OF GOD

Oh, worship the King all glorious above;
Oh, gratefully sing his power and his love;
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

Oh, tell of his might, Oh, sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,
Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust and feeble as frail
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

Oh, measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant.

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms:
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
    With echoes and dreams,
    And singing of streams.

May is building her house of petal and blade:
Of the roots of the oak is the flooring made,
    With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
    Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, travelling green things strayed.

Her windows the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
    With the coming and going
    Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings:
    From October's tossed and trodden gold
    She is making the young year out of the old:
    Yea! out of winter's flying sleet
    She is making all the summer sweet,
    And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

Richard Le Gallienne.

Included by permission of the author.

THE MIRACLE

Yesterday the twig was brown and bare;
Today the glint of green is there;
Tomorrow will be leaflets spare;
I know no thing so wondrous fair,
No miracle so strangely rare.

I wonder what will next be there!

L. H. Bailey.

Included by permission of the author.

NATURE'S CREED

I believe in the brook as it wanders
From hillside into glade;
I believe in the breeze as it whispers
When evening's shadows fade.
I believe in the roar of the river
As it dashes from high cascade;
I believe in the cry of the tempest
'Mid the thunder's cannonade.
I believe in the light of shining stars,
I believe in the sun and the moon;
I believe in the flash of lightning,
I believe in the night-bird's croon.
I believe in the faith of the flowers,
I believe in the rock and sod,
For in all of these appeareth clear
The handiwork of God.

Anon.

NATURE'S EASTER MUSIC

The flowers from the earth have arisen,
They are singing their Easter-song;
Up the valleys and over the hillsides
They come, an unnumbered throng.

Oh, listen! The wild flowers are singing
Their beautiful song without words!
They are pouring the soul of their music
Through the voices of happy birds.

Every flower to a bird has confided
The joy of its blossoming birth—
The wonders of its resurrection
From its grave, the frozen earth.

For you chirp the wren and the sparrow,
Little Eyebright, Anemone pale!
Gay Columbine, orioles are chanting
Your trumpet-note, loud on the gale.

The Buttercup's thanks for the sunshine
The gold finch's twitter reveals;
And the Violet trills, through the bluebird,
Of the heaven that within her she feels.

The song-sparrow's exquisite warble
Is born in the heart of the Rose—
Of the wild-rose, shut in its calyx,
Afraid of belated snows.

And the melody of the wood-thrush
Floats up from the nameless and shy
White blossoms that stay in the cloister
Of pine-forests, dim and high.

The dust of the roadside is vocal:
    There is music from every clod;
Bird and breeze are the wild-flowers' angels,
    Their messages bearing to God.

"We arise and we praise Him together!"
    With a flutter of petals and wings,
The anthem of spirits immortal
    Rings back from created things.

And nothing is left wholly speechless:
    For the dumbest life that we know
May utter itself through another,
    And double its gladness so.

Lucy Larcom

From "Poems" by Lucy Larcom.
Included by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

ON A GLOOMY EASTER

I hear the robins singing in the rain.
The longed-for Spring is hushed so drearily
That hungry lips cry often wearily,
"Oh, if the blessed sun would shine again!"

I hear the robins singing in the rain.
The misty world lies waiting for the dawn;
The wind sobs at my window and is gone,
And in the silence come old throbs of pain.

But still the robins sing on in the rain,
Not waiting for the morning sun to break,
Nor listening for the violets to wake,
Nor fearing lest the snow may fall again.

My heart sings with the robins in the rain,
For I remember it is Easter morn,
And life and love and peace are all new born,
And joy has triumphed over loss and pain.

Sing on, brave robins, sing on in the rain!
You know behind the clouds the sun must shine,
You know that death means only life divine
And all our losses turn to heavenly gain.

I lie and listen to you in the rain.
Better than Easter bells that do not cease,
Your message from the heart of God's great peace,
And to his arms I turn and sleep again.

Alice Freeman Palmer.

Included by permission of George H. Palmer.

PIPPA'S SONG

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

Robert Browning.

PROVIDENCE

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow
God provideth for the morrow.

Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall.
Pass we blithely then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

Reginald Heber.

PSALM XXIII

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil:
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

The Bible.

From Moulton, "Modern Readers' Bible"

PSALM CIV—*Selected*

Bless the Lord, O my soul.
O Lord my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honour and majesty:
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh winds his messengers;
His ministers a flaming fire.

Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved forever,
Thou coverest it with the deep as with a vesture;
The waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away;
They went up by the mountains, they went down by the valleys,
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;
They run among the mountains:
They give drink to every beast of the field;
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them the fowl of heaven have their habitation,
They sing among the branches.
He watereth the mountains from His chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man.

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all.

The Bible.

From Moulton, "Modern Readers' Bible"

SOFTLY THROUGH THE MELLOW STARLIGHT

Softly through the mellow starlight
Steals a strain of silver song:
Lo the echoing hills proclaim it,
Waft the glad refrain a-long.
Glory, glory, Christ is risen!
Whispered in the star-lit way,
List the lovely shades re-echo
Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day.

Happy bands in shining raiment
Fill the arch of Heaven's dome,
Sweep their harps to strains so tender
Wafted from their distant home.
Glory, etc.

Softly through life's shaded valley
Comes once more the silver strain,
Borne on angel pinions to us,
And we join the sweet refrain.
Glory, etc.

From Carols Old and Carols New.

Copyrighted, 1905 *by Charles L. Hutchins.*

THE SONG OF THE LILIES

The lilies say on Easter day,
"We give, we give,
We breathe our fragrance on the air,
We shed our beauty everywhere!
We give, we give."

The lilies say on Easter day,
"We live, we live.
In darkness buried long we lay;
The sun awoke us one spring day!
We live, we live."

The lilies say on Easter day,
"Give, children, give!
Give love and kindness everywhere;
They truly live who truly share!
Give, children, give."

Lucy Wheelock.

Included by permission of the author.

A SONG OF WAKING

The maple buds are red, are red,
    The robin's call is sweet;
The blue sky floats above thy head,
    The violets kiss thy feet.
The sun paints emeralds on the spray,
    And sapphires on the lake;
A million wings unfold to-day.
    A million flowers awake.

Their starry cups the cowslips lift
    To catch the golden light,
And like a spirit fresh from shrift
    The cherry tree is white.
The innocent looks up with eyes
    That know no deeper shade
Than falls from wings of butterflies
    Too fair to make afraid.

With long green raiment blown and wet,
    The willows hand in hand
Lean low to teach the rivulet
    What trees may understand
Of murmurous tune and idle dance,
    With broken rhymes whose flow
A poet's ear will catch, perchance,
    A score of miles below.

Across the sky to fairy realm
    There sails a cloud-born ship;
A wind sprite standeth at the helm,
    With laughter on his lip;
The melting masts are tipped with gold,
    The 'broidered pennons stream;
The vessel beareth in her hold
    The lading of a dream.

It is the hour to rend thy chains,
The blossom time of souls;
Yield all the rest to cares and pains,
To-day delight controls.
Gird on thy glory and thy pride,
For growth is of the sun;
Expand thy wings whate'er betide,
The Summer is begun.

Katharine Lee Bates.

Included by permission of the author.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

"You think I am dead,"
The apple-tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my foot."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers!"

Edith M. Thomas

Included by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

A TRUE LENT

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fats of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No: 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin:
And that's to keep thy Lent.

Robert Herrick.

'TWAS AT THE MATIN HOUR

'Twas at the matin hour,
Before the early dawn;
The prison doors flew open,
The bolts of death were drawn.

'Twas at the matin hour,
When pray'rs of saints are strong;
When two short days ago
He bore the spitting, wounds and wrong.

From realms unseen, an unseen way,
Th' Almighty Saviour came,
And following on His silent steps,
An angel armed in flame.

The stone is rolled away,
The keepers fainting fall,
Satan and Pilate's watchmen,
The day has scared them all.

The angel came full early,
But Christ had gone before,
Not for Himself, but for his Saints,
Is burst the prison door.

When all His Saints assemble,
Make haste ere twilight cease,
His Easter blessing to receive,
And so lie down in peace.

Fourteenth Century Carol.

Included by permission of Gordon Hutchins.

UNDER THE LEAVES

Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
    Without the blessed foreknowing
That underneath the withered leave
    The fairest buds were growing.

Today the south-wind sweeps away
    The types of autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,—
    Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet-flowers!—with lips of bloom,
    Outvying in your beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells,—
    Ye teach me faith and duty!

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
    With love's divine foreknowing
That where man sees but withered leaves,
    God sees sweet flowers growing.

Albert Laighton.

THE WAKING YEAR

A lady red upon the hill
    Her annual secret keeps;
A lady white within the field
    In placid lily sleeps!

The tidy breezes with their brooms
    Sweep vale, and hill, and tree;
Prithee, my pretty housewives,
    Who may expected be?

The neighbors do not yet suspect,
    The woods exchange a smile—
Orchard, and buttercup, and bird—
    In such a little while!

And yet how still the landscape stands,
    How nonchalant the wood,
As if the resurrection
    Were nothing very odd!

Emily Dickinson.

Copyright, Little, Brown and Company.

YE HEAVENS, UPLIFT YOUR VOICE

Ye heav'ns uplift your voice;
    Sun, moon, and stars, rejoice;
And thou, too, nether earth,
    Join in the common mirth:
For winter storm at last,
    And rain is over-past:
Instead whereof the green
    And fruitful palm is seen.

Ye flow'rs of Spring, appear;
    Your gentle heads uprear,
And let the growing seed
    Enamel lawn and mead.
Ye roses inter-set
    With clumps of violet,
Ye lilies white, unfold
    In beds of marigold.

Ye birds with open throat
    Prolong your sweetest note;
Awake, ye blissful quires,
    And strike your merry lyres:
For why? unhurt by Death,
    The Lord of life and breath,
Jesus, as He foresaid,
    Is risen from the dead.

Fifteenth Century Carol.

Included by permission of Gordon Hutchins.

The following is an additional list of poems which it has not been possible to include in this volume. Some of the poems are to be found in sources other than those given.

An April Adoration — *C. D. G. Roberts*
In "Home Book of Verse"

At Easter-time — *M. E. Plummer*
In "Songs of Tree-top and Meadow"

Easter — *Hilda Conkling*
In "Poems by a Little Girl"

Easter — *Edgar Guest*
In "The Passing Throng"

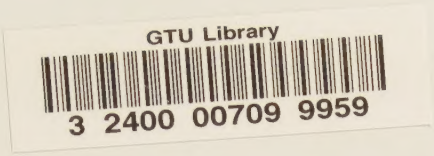
Easter at Nazareth — *Clinton Scollard*
In "Christ in the Poetry of Today"

Easter Music — *Margaret Deland*
In "Days and Deeds"

King Robert of Sicily — *Henry W. Longfellow*
In "Poems"

A Song of Easter — *Celia Thaxter*
In "Stories and Poems"

Though He That Ever Kind and True — *Robert L. Stevenson*
In "Poems"



LIBRARY USE ONLY

GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-250(

All items are subject to recall